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WHY WE LIVE TOGETHER

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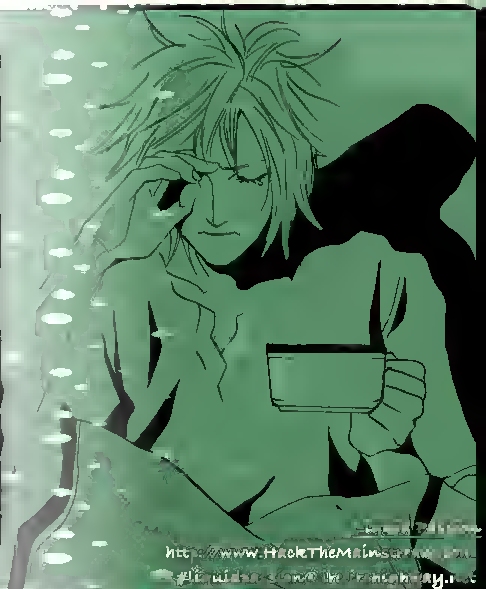

http://www.HackTheMainstream.com

Miyamoto Kano's Walker Universe

Bun

Daisuke

Satoru

Hato

Nagiko

Akio

Hanapi

- *Are You the Enemy?* (Chapter 2) — Bun x Akio
- *Not/Love* (Chapter 1) — Bun x Daisuke
- *Why We Live Together** (manga) — Bun x Daisuke
- *Are You the Enemy?* (Chapter 1) — Bun, Hato, Hanapi
- *Are You the Enemy?* (Chapter 3) — Bun, Hato, Nagiko
- *Are You the Enemy?* (Chapter 4) — Bun x Akio
- *A Life/B Life** — Bun, Nagiko, Hato
- *A Bird's Life** — Hato, Bun, Nagiko
- *Not/Love* (Chapters 2~4) — Bun x Daisuke
- *Why We Live Together** (Frost & extra) — Bun x Akio x Daisuke
- *Dog Days** — Bun x Akio x Daisuke
- *Demonic Conversations** — Bun x Akio x Daisuke
- *Brand New Love.** — Bun x Hideki
- *Heat* — Bun x Hanapi x Satoru x Daisuke

Walker Universe Timeline

* Doujinshi published with Curve Circle

Note: Accurate as of April 2007

彼と棲む理由
The reason
why
we live
together
CURVE
kano
miyamoto

Notes on the scanlation

*In the original Dousinshi (or Why We Live Together, Miyamoto Kana's prose appeared on these pages. Our scanlation offers the translation on a white background for easier reading. We moved the prose portion to the end per the timeline that can be found with this release.

*Additionally, to accomodate the inflected spelling of Bun's name, we departed from the use of our usual Liquid Passion-approved fonts.

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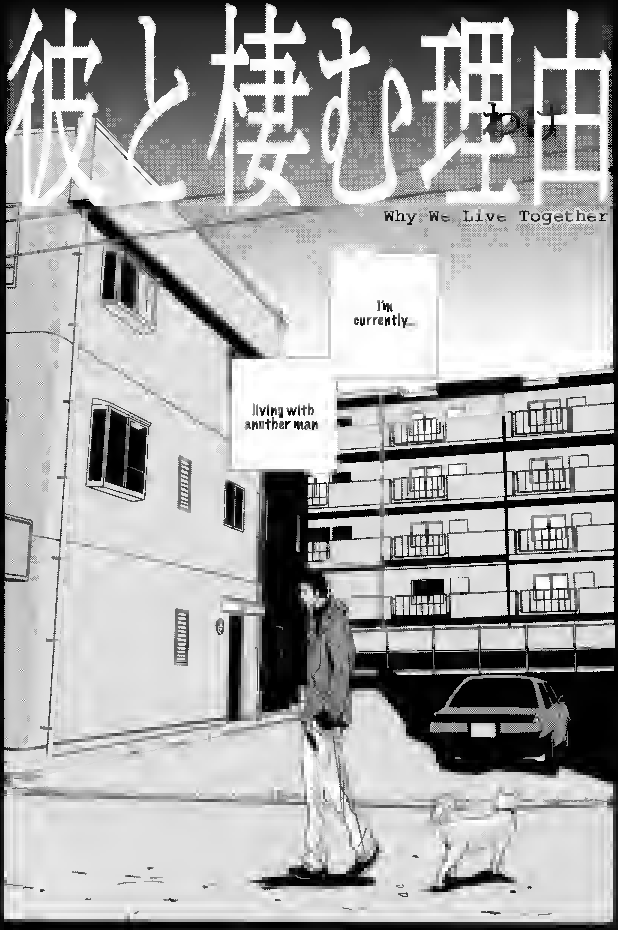
Why We Live Together



WHEW...
Exhausted...
KIT-CHIK
AH!
WELCOME BACK
I'M HOME.
04
PLOP
IS THAT HOW IT'S SUPPOSED TO TURN OUT?
YEAH, I KNOW
IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH
I JUST FINISHED MAKING DINNER
This is the guy I'm living with Ren
He's about nineteen or so

It's been half a year since we started living together
HOW IS IT?
MEH
IT'S REALLY BLAND
WHY DON'T YOU EVER PUT SAUCE ON IT WHEN YOU'RE COOKING?
WANT TO PUT SOME SAUCE ON IT?
IT'S JUST HOW I WAS RAISED WE DIDN'T PUT SAUCE ON ANYTHING
NOPE NOT RICE, TEMPURA CURRY NOTHING
NO-THING?
BECAUSE IT DROWNS OUT THE ORIGINAL FLAVOR OR SOMETHING?
I DUNNO
BUT I ADMIT I DO PREFER CURRY WITH SAUCE
Not even tempura?
OKIE DOKIE
OR YOU COULD JUST LEARN TO LIKE IT BLAND
He works hard to keep up with all the day to day chores
GO A LITTLE HEAVIER ON THE SEASONING NEXT TIME

But keeping house for me isn't why he's here
Originally, he was supposed to be a "surrogate girlfriend" of sorts
sigh
BÜN...
NNGH...
HMP
We have a physical relationship, needless to say
THAT'S ENOUGH COME UP HERE
OKAY...

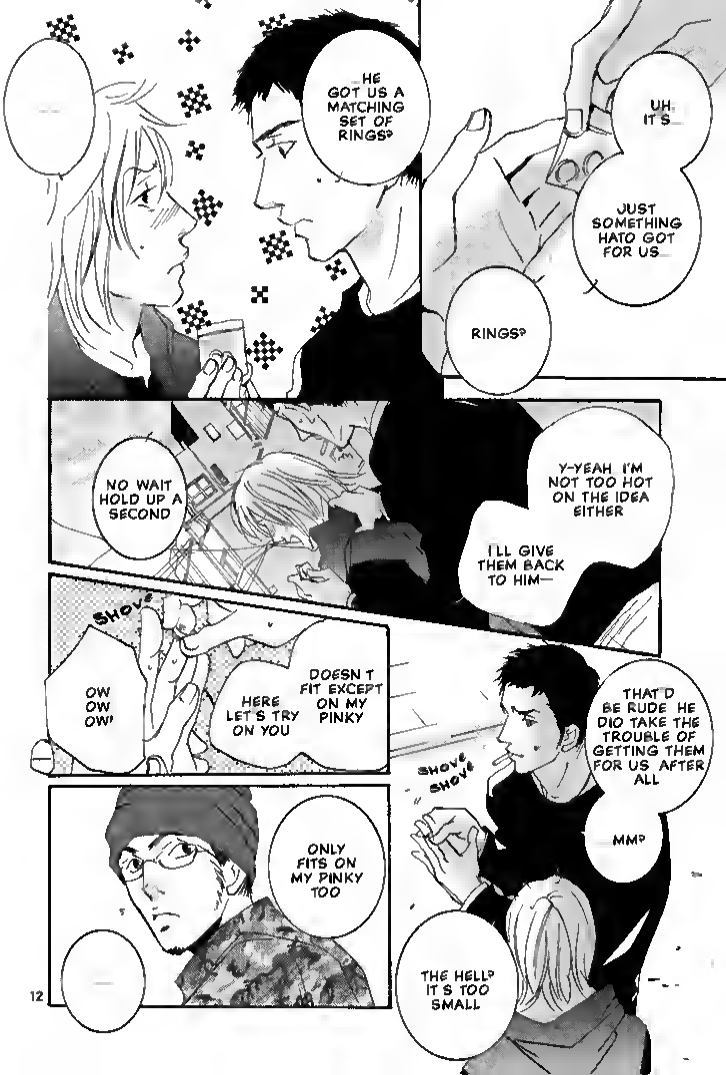
What do I think of him?
It defies any sort of easy explanation.
NNH...
YOU ALL RIGHT?
AH!
Obviously I've never had a relationship like this with a man before
CREAK
AH...
YEAH...
HAA...

Most of all, he doesn't seem to need declarations of love from me
HAA...
HAA!
HAA...!
DAI-CHAN...
...HM?
MMM...

I LOVE YOU—
I know in my heart...
BÜN.
I—
NNGH...
HARDER...!
That I need to tell him the same thing...
But every time the moment slips away somehow.

HEY!
YOOHOO!
BOOOON!
CLACK
WHERE D THAT COME FROM?
SO YOU AND DAISUKE STILL GETTING ALONG?
DO YOU WANT TO GO OUT AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT?
I DON'T MIND I JUST FINISHED ANYWAY
OH, HEY THERE.
HEY, HATO
CRACK
WELL... I WAS JUST THINKING THAT IT SEEMS LIKE THIS ONE MIGHT LAST
KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN! DAI-CHAN'S WORKING.
CLACK
NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT PAYING FOR YOU!
WHY D'D LOVE TO! YOUR TREAT, RIGHT?
SORRY— WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO GO OUTSIDE

This is Bōns friend (?) Hato.
He's an interesting guy if a bit eccentric.
Ha ha, that takes me back~
By the way I heard some news about Dash-kun.
WHAT'S THIS?
OH YEAH, THESE ARE FOR YOU
ONE FOR YOU AND ONE FOR OAI-CHAN
PAUNK
GORGEOUS WEATHER WE'RE HAVING HUH?
YEAH.
Need a smoke...
11
Y'ALL ARE ALWAYS TREATING ME TO DINNER, SO I FIGURED WHAT THE HEY
HUH?!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR SIZE SO I GUESSED
WHAT'S THAT?


HE GOT US A MATCHING SET OF RINGS?
UH IT'S
JUST SOMETHING HATO GOT FOR US
RINGS?
NO WAIT HOLD UP A SECOND
Y-YEAH I'M NOT TOO HOT ON THE IDEA EITHER
I'LL GIVE THEM BACK TO HIM—
SHOVE
OW OW OW!
HERE LET'S TRY ON YOU
DOESN'T FIT EXCEPT ON MY PINKY
SHOVE SHOVE
THAT'D BE RUDE HE DID TAKE THE TROUBLE OF GETTING THEM FOR US AFTER ALL
MM?
ONLY FITS ON MY PINKY TOO
THE HELL? IT'S TOO SMALL

OH, WELL—
JUST PUT IT ON A CHAIN AROUND YOUR NECK OR SOMETHING
SO HOW DO YOU LIKE MY PRESENT?
THEY DON'T FIT AT ALL!!
THEY DON'T? FIGURES
CAN IT WAIT UNTIL AFTER DINNER? I'M HUNGRY
I'LL SHOW YOU BEST FRIENDS FOREVER
LIKE A BEST FRIENDS FOREVER GOOD LUCK CHARM
EASY KIDS
YOU GODDAMN LIAR"
AND I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I SPENT MY WHOLE PAYCHECK ON YOUR PRESENT-!
It's nice spending time around younger people
I'd say I'm pretty happy at this point in my life.

BÜN...?
HM?
ZZZ
SNIFF

zzz
I still understand it as little as I ever did..
KISS
KA-CLICK
GOOD-NIGHT
But I know that he's precious to me
MMM

So for the moment...
I just want to keep things the way they are now.
FUCK!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
ER... UH, NOTHING
YOU LOST THE RING DOWN THE DRAIN?! YOU JUST GOT IT!!
DAISUKE YOU MORON!!
LOOK FOR IT!
He never did manage to find it...

A story with Akio -san
Ura's ... ecs
172 cm
5x kilos
I have two tattoos.
...and on my stomach.
On my left arm...
Akio-san was the one who did both of them.
His main job is as an illustrator.
His has a huge tattoo of wings on his back... He's kind of a lunatic, really.
Lately his thing has been demons.
WANT ME TO GIVE YOU A DEMON TATTOO?
NO WAY. IT'D HURT LIKE HELL.

He goes through weird cycles between angels and demons.
No matter which it is, he's always on the brink of changing again.
angelic side
demonic side
Today, it would seem, he's an angel.
Haha, that tickles~
I enjoy the things we get up to together.
A frame of mind he submerses himself in completely.
Maybe next time, I'll let him turn my lizard into a demon

"Want to meet out somewhere?"

Well no, I didn t, but I started getting ready anyway I showered carelessly, then came back in and flopped down on the bed while I was still dripping wet, getting the sheets damp. That was Daisuke Toda on the phone—the man I lived with for a year and a half, then didn't see for five It's been six months since we were reunited

Cliche I know, but it was the sudden return of a woman from his past that broke us up Daisuke married her afterwards—they even have kids now To gloss over the details we met up again and promptly slid right back into the kind of relationship we had before, which is where things stand at the moment

I pulled on a pair of jeans without any rush and rifled around through the t-shirts scattered on the floor, looking for the one that stank the least Nagiko hadn t been doing my laundry lately, so shirts and underwear had begun to pile up underfoot Finally I combed through my damp hair with my fingers to give it some semblance of order, grabbed a pack of smokes, and headed out It was dusk outside, but the afternoon heat lingered, wrapping around me

Okay, so I lied when I said that I didn't want to go. The truth is I m always happy to see him, disgustingly so.

Daisuke s been inviting me out a lot recently Whenever his mother-in-law is in the hospital, his wife feels the need to go keep a constant eye on her and is almost never at home Sometimes I m the one coming when he calls, sometimes we meet elsewhere, and sometimes he comes over to my place Even when we do see each other, it s nothing spectacular—we ll eat dinner, share a few drinks, and occasionally have sex before going our separate ways

Cruel of him, really

And you can bet your ass that if his wife knew that he was cheating on her *with* a man—and not just any man, but a hoodlum and an ex-hooker like me—she d demend a divorce And yet the secret trysts, the illicit meetings, they just keep on stacking up—which certainly proves that I m not over him yet either

I could feel my mood growing dark, so I put a stop to that train of thought.

The walk only takes about ten minutes, but I intended to meke him wait for me—it was twenty minutes before I finally ambled over to the coffee shop. Peering in through the glass front, I could see Daisuke sitting at a booth with a newspaper spread out in front of him With his black hair cropped short, he looked as upstanding and reliable as he always had—and just as beautiful as ever, too. Sexy, in a rough white shirt set with thin stripes and faded jeans.

Seeing him looking so sharp, I was struck by the sudden conviction that those were clothes his wife had picked out for him

He glanced up as though he d sensed my presence somehow, and I could see the smile in his eyes I felt an odd twinge in my chest *Oh pull yourself together*, I muttered to myself as I went inside It pissed me off that I was twenty five and still going weak in the knees every time I saw him

"What's thet for?" Daisuke asked at the sour look on my face when I took the seat across from him

"What's what for?

"You re scowling"

"I suppose I am"

He s so used to these moods of mine that they hardly even faze him, he just picked up the receipt and asked if we were leaving

"Christ, let me at least get a coffee, would you?" I sounded petulant "Then we can leave"

He smiled, reaching out and mussing up my hair "Dinner first"

***

For reasons still unknown to me, we ended up back at my place after leaving the restaurant

"A little messy in here, don't you think?" Daisuke said in wonder when he entered the war zone that was my apartment

"Shut up"

"What happened to Nagiko?"

"She's on strike until I pay her"

"You *could* do your own laundry, you know"

"Don't want to."

"I remember back in the day you were positively vigilant about doing laundry regularly"

"I dunno."

Daisuke finally turned to look at me—I was still scowling

"Why are you mad?"

"I'm not mad"

"Yes, you are"

"Okay fine, I'm mad because you're telling me I am when I'm not"

Daisuke raised both eyebrows, the quirky thing he does when he's concerned

It makes me angry every time I remember something like that.

"Look, just go home for today," I said tiredly

"Why are you doing this?

"I'm not in the mood"

"In the mood for what?"

"Oh, *come on*!"

I drew in a deep, deliberate breath and looked Daisuke square in the face. "I am not in the mood for sneaking around behind your wife's back to have sex with you while she is *nursing her sick mother*!"

The moment the words left my mouth I turned on my heel and fled to the bedroom, leaving Daisuke standing there

"I said, go home!"

"Rūn"

"I don't want to hear it!"

Daisuke trailed into the room after me

"No, stay out!" I demanded

Silently, he grabbed my arm and swung me around

"Rūn"

"*What*!"

For a moment our faces were only inches apart, then with a sudden shove he threw me down against the bed. The impact sent the alarm clock tumbling onto the sheets, where it knocked against my head hard enough to force a muffled curse out of me. I was genuinely angry, and I swung at him recklessly, feeling my fist connect with the side of his head. Daisuke winced, then brushed my hand aside.

"Daisuke, stop it!"

"Silence," he said curtly, grabbing my wrists roughly and pinning them down over my head.

"Asshole, you're acting like I'm the one abusing you here!"

His hand came down hard over my mouth, choking off my breath, and a moment later I felt his hand pushing up under my t-shirt.

"St—"

—op, I would have said, but the words died on my lips as his fingers found my nipple and twisted, sending an exquisite sensation flooding through my body. He tugged my shirt off, pressing kisses to the base of my neck.

I never stood a chance, really. Even if he didn't already have me pinned down, he was bigger and had a black belt from his days as a cop. And since we're both guys it's not like he felt the need to go easy on me out of chivalry. His grip on me was strong enough that it hurt where he held me down.

He ran his lips over the skin on my neck and bit down lightly. I could feel my body already beginning to respond to his violent caresses, and I put up only a token struggle before abandoning the effort entirely—his strength simply outstripped mine by too much. As if he'd decided the time was right, he removed the hand that had been covering my mouth and slid it down to stroke me roughly through my jeans. A small moan escaped me as his hand continued its caresses, rubbing between my legs.

Daisuke had kept his gaze averted, but I took his face in my hands then and forced him to look at me. For a split second our eyes met, so close to each other, and he turned away again but not before I caught a glimpse of the wild, desperate loneliness in his eyes. He forced my lips apart, pushing a hot tongue inside, and I lay still, passively accepting those fierce kisses. He finished stripping me completely naked and nudged my legs apart, insinuating his body between my legs and taking off his own clothes. His hot, heavy body covered mine, and with that weight, I felt a sense of exhilaration, of completeness. Daisuke hugged me close to him, so tightly that I thought I might break, while I wrapped my arms around him and clung to him.

Wanting... wanting something desperate and impossible.

Just like old times.

**

When I woke, I found myself lying in Daisuke's arms. I lingered there a while, enjoying the vague warmth and the scent of him, then finally disentangled myself and sat up.

Daisuke slept on, oblivious. Beneath dark brows, his eyelashes flickered slightly. Was he dreaming, I wondered? I wanted to touch him, to smooth the lines of worry from his face.

Oh for chrissakes, Rōn, he's only frowning, I rebuked myself sharply.

I cupped his cheek with my hand and ran my fingers through his hair until he stirred, reaching his arms out to wrap around my body.

It's not fair that I should feel like this, I thought, when there's nothing I can do to make him mine. And it's not like I'm even being faithful to him either! It still doesn't seem to bother him that we only see each other for sex, so I've dated plenty of girls as well.

But I never felt this way for any of them.

Is it only because I can't have him that I want him so much? I laid his head down softly on the pillow and climbed out of bed to go take a shower.

**

Amid the wreckage of my apartment, Nagiko was bitching but had started straightening up anyway.

"It's *unbelievable* how your laundry piles up!"

"Did it occur to you that I might have a guest over?" I muttered as I watched Nagiko, carrying wads of clothing in both fists and shoving whites and colors into the washing machine indiscriminately.

"Really? Who?"

Sharp-eared, sharp-tongued Nagiko—she heard me even over the washing machine, and it wasn't as though I could miss hearing her.

"Daisuke."

"Ah."

Nagiko rolled her eyes as if to say, *I should have known*.

"He's the kind of man who really believes he can be in love with two people at once, isn't he?"

I said nothing, but Nagiko pursued it as though I'd argued with her.

"Especially because you're a men, and she's a woman. He doesn't feel that he has to let go of either of you."

"Nagiko, if it comes down to a contest between his feelings for me versus his feelings for his wife — how do you think that would end?"

"If you're unhappy, you should tell him so! There's no reason for you to be the one always getting hurt!" Turning to face me, she added with a smirk, "Then again, you're the one who can't quit him, right?"

My muttered "hag" was apparently audible, judging from the empty detergent bottle that came flying at me.

**

"So, are you still in a bad mood today?"

Daisuke, putting in yet another appearance at my apartment, was in high spirits. He smiled as he said it, brushing his fingers lightly over my cheek. As always, everything the man did infuriated me. I shook off his hand with cold indifference.

"I got over it."

"What set you off?"

"Nothing."

"Oh?" Daisuke asked, his voice tilting upward in a question.

He moved over to his favorite sofa and sank down onto the couch cushions. We'd found it abandoned by a dumpster and brought it home, but Hato had petched it up nicely, and now, it practically sparkled. The stray cat that Nagiko had adopted made a leap to perch above Daisuke's elbow.

Usually the cat lived on her side of the house, but with Nagiko off visiting her parents, he'd taken up residence with me. He had long hair over a scrawny body and looked somehow unfinished, like a bedraggled kitten. After sniffing Daisuke to his satisfaction, nose twitching, he set to rubbing his face against Daisuke's leg to leave his scent. I could hear his rumbling purr even from where I sat.

"Cute cat."

"We don't get along. Little bastard pisses me off."

"What's its name?"

"Mouse."

He had the coloration of a mouse, so 'Mouse' it was. A rather pathatic story for a proper name.

"Female?"

"Male. Still has his balls, even."

"Does he now?" Daisuke asked, grabbing the cat's tail and hoisting it upward roughly. Mouse hissed, scored a good swipe on Daisuke's hand with its claws, then took off running.

"Dumbass," I grumbled.

"That hurt!"

"'Course it did. I'd be pissed too if someone tried to take a peek at my crotch."

"Cats are temperamental—difficult to handle."

"No, I'd say the problem's on your end."

"How about another cup of coffee?"

Still wringing out the hand that had been scratched, Daisuke nudged his empty mug toward me. I took it without comment, carrying both it and my own cup back to the kitchen. It's far too much effort to fight him over every little thing, and so whenever I'm around him, I end up getting drawn into his orbit. It's not like he's ordering me around or twisting my arm, but before I know it, I find myself going along with his ideas—the same way everyone else does. I think Daisuke just exudes an innate sense of authority.

The coffee was long cold, so I put it in the microwave. Hidden in the shadow of the refrigerator, Mouse stuck his head out and gave a baleful meow.

"*What?* You just ate."

He gave me a rude flick of his bent tail and presently went over to see Daisuke again. When Daisuke noticed, he stretched out his hand and scratched along the cat's body, setting him off into loud purrs again. He lifted Mouse up and put him on his lap, gently this time, stroking his head. Mouse relaxed and stretched out, looking languid and contented, as helpless to resist Daisuke's charm as anyone else. I could practically see myself in that, and it was disconcerting.

I filled the coffee cup to the brim and plunked it down in front of Daisuke, then took a seat beside him.

"What's the matter?"

"That thing is a pest."

I shooed Mouse away, ignoring the cat's grumble of protest, then stretched out on the couch with my head in Daisuke's lap.

"You want your head scratched too?" Daisuke asked with a smile.

"Shut up and pet me."

"Yes, sir."

His large hand stroked my hair. After a while, he separated off a strand.

"Your roots are growing out. Aren't you going to dye it again?"

"It's such a pain in the ass. And I don't have the money to go to a salon."

"I could do it for you next time."

"Okay."

I closed my eyes, feeling inexplicably tired. Daisuke's lips touched mine lightly, then he continued by pressing kisses to my eyelids and cheeks.

"Bun," he whispered, leaning in close to my ear. I opened half-lidded eyes. "I love you."

For a moment shock took my breath away.

"Idiot," I snapped.

"Am I now?"

"Yes. A complete idiot."

"Because I love you?"

"Because you have the worst fucking timing."

"I suppose so."

"No supposing about it."

I suddenly lost the energy to continue, and I scrubbed at my eyes with the back of my hand.

"I'm going to sleep," I announced.

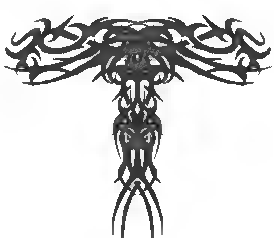
"Alright."

I grunted and buried my face in Daisuke's lap. Just stop thinking already. Like a stray cat, dropping by whenever it pleases, I'll be fine as long as I've got someone to give me a pet on the head. Even if I end up being abandoned I'll survive, as long as I can find a new owner.

I felt something squirming against my side and looked down to see Mouse settling himself onto my stomach and curling into a tight little ball.

"Fag cat," I muttered, letting my eyes drift closed again.

Daisuke chuckled, and I drifted into a pleasant sleep with his laughter in my ears.



lotta lovin' 2004

彼と棲む理由

アキオさんの謎2

WALKERS SERIES